

A far cry from London

by Franimal

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Summary: The first shovelful of dirt(digging myself into a hole)this has nothing to do with the story, just babbleing :p

1. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="Author"> A far cry
>London was a far cry from home. The density made it seem almost small when compared against the backdrop of Los Angeles. LA is a sprawling mess of a place, leeching out of its boundaries to consume smaller cites into its squirming belly. I can't tell anyone I am from Inglewood or Tarzana because they wouldn't know. I always have to say LA before they recognize my accent.
No public transportation to speak of. Yeah sure we have Metrolink, buses and a subway but nine times out of ten they aren't going where you are. Without a car in LA you are stationary. In London I found myself on my way to King's Cross station by coach.

"Stop it Whiskers" My cat paused briefly from tearing his needle sharp claws into my leg to look me in the eye.

"Sorry, but I have to do something to keep myself occupied."

"Well keep still, we don't need to attract attention."

>A small miracle that no one noticed the small Black and White furball. He kept yawning and preening his wings in a very irritating manner.
"Sometimes I think you are more of a birdbrain then a cat."

>He cocked his head at me and gave me his very best Cheshire cat grin. I smiled despite my previous irritation.
" I'm sorry for being snippy with you Whiskers. I suppose that it's just nerves."

"Don't worry about it."

I unfolded the crackling parchment in my lap. In brilliant green ink it spelled out the theoretical next three years of my life, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

My parents never said anything, I always knew that Mom could "do" stuff and Dad was the master of freak accidents but it was so completely normal to me. They took it in stride too. Ever since I was little I toured dead shows with my parents, I was constantly surrounded by 'magical' people who were just like my parents. Things just happened for us.

> My dad liked to say "You get what you need and you need what you get." my first truth in life. <p>

I never had anything to do with any kind of official magical community and until this letter I never really knew one existed.

At the beginning of summer I was tested for a 'gifted' school in LA. They sent me an application in the mail and requested an interview. After finding out that it was non-profit I decided to give it a try. Public school was boring the hell out of me, I wanted to learn something I didn't already know.

> I didn't think anything unusual was going on. I dressed nice (but still me) and walked into the building on the map. A richly dressed woman welcomed me by complimenting me on my glasses. (I take a certain amount of pride in my vintage cat eyes)
"Those purple lenses are just wonderful!" She exclaimed "You do need them to see right?"

"Yes, I am rather myopic."

"How darling. You are here for the interview?"

"Yes"

"Down the hall, to the left, first door on your right."

"Thank you."

It was all a blur. They asked me about everything except for school. What kind of movies I liked, who named me Grace Nichole Rose, how my parents treated me and a blue million other things that I can't recall. I had no idea what they were driving at but they seemed to have gotten what they wanted because they asked me to come back the next day for a follow up.

Again I dressed nice and again the lady greeted me warmly, this time with a grin. I easily remembered the room and went in to wrap things up.

"Well was I accepted?" I asked quickly not wanting to loose control of the conversation.

The head of the panel leaned forward slightly to talk to me.

"Yes and no."

>His accent seemed familiar yet obviously not American.
 "You more than qualify for this school and therein lies the problem."

I couldn't believe him "You can't take me because I know too much? Believe me I really suck at math and I'm sure you could teach me more science than my old school."

>
 At this the old man exchanged a long look with another member of the panel. "We don't teach the things you mentioned."

"What kind of a school are you running?"

"I am Professor Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry."

"What do you want with me?" I was slightly confused but I figured that he was serious, he didn't seem too off his rocker.

"I am here helping to set up a new school for magic in this area. We are settling on students for it's first year in operation and so far we have been very successful. Surprisingly there are some very teachable children here. Unfortunately I do not think that you would do well here. First, you are too old to start with the incoming class and there are no older students to place you with. Secondly you seem to have a tremendous amount of natural talent and you would far surpass your classes here."

"So I am a witch?"

"Well not precisely, but you could be one."

"Well, why can't I go to school?"

"I did not say that you could not go to school only that you cannot go to this one. I run a school in Britain and I cordially extend you an invitation."

> He reached into his velvet cape and handed me a thick wedge of folded parchment. I broke the seal and read quickly. When I looked up from the parchment he broke the silence. <p>

"We have already contacted your parents and explained everything. They have already bought your things so all you need is to be at the right place at the right time. Can I count on seeing you?"

"Yes sir."

"Good, well that will be all. If you have any questions or need anything you may send me an owl."

All in all a singularly interesting day, Like I said things just seem to happen to me.

I flew out of New York early in the morning august 31st. Poor Whiskers had to travel in my purse. It was way too expensive to have him shipped and I do not think he could have endured being treated like a common pet. The trip was long and disappointingly uneventful. Upon arriving we made our way to our hotel and went to bed. The next day I got up early, got dressed, checked my pocket for my train ticket, and went down for breakfast. I asked the desk clerk about Kings Cross. He said it wasn't very far and that I could get there by coach. My train was due to leave at 11:00 and wanting to be a little early Whiskers suggested we set out.

>We caught the bus and that was how I found myself contemplating my future. <p>

"The bus is stopping, I think we need to get off soon."

"Yeah you are right, here back in my purse."

Whiskers jumped in to my one and only piece of luggage, cautiously poking his head out to see. The bus came to complete stop and I got off. It was positively amazing, the amount of activity happening around me. I was afraid that I would not be able to find my platform in the crowd. I let the sea of people move me forward while I kept my eyes peeled.

"There! It has to be there!" I saw a sign for platform nine and veered toward it, assuming that platform nine and three quarters would be nearby. What I saw when I got there was a small barrier separating platforms nine and ten. To my left was platform nine, to my right was platform ten but there was absolutely no platform nine and three-quarters in between. Was this some kind of joke? Had I gone all the way to London for nothing. In my anger and confusion I did the single most ridiculous thing I could think of; I walked up to the barrier and kicked it as hard as I could. To my complete astonishment my foot passed right through it!

>I would have screamed if something hadn't slammed into me at that exact moment. Whatever it was tumbled with me through the barrier, the momentum sending my glasses flying. It hit solid ground and felt something land on top of me. I lay there for what seemed like an eternity, too stunned to move until a voice quite near my face asked me softly if I was alright. I slowly opened my eyes and found myself staring into deep green pools of light. I closed my eyes and something like an "ugh" escaped my lips. I opened my eyes again, this time my focus being better I found myself staring into a boy's face. He had a serious, worried expression. His eyes studied my face anxiously, his messy back bangs obscuring his forehead. It wasn't until I tried to sit up that I realized he was practically laying on me. "OUCH!" We both rebounded from a violent forehead collision. I was lying on my back again. I opened my eyes to see him rubbing his tender forehead gently. He looked so funny, all rumpled, cloak askew, wild black hair jutting out in every direction, I couldn't help it. I began to laugh. Realizing that I was aware of him he looked down at me and smiled. <p>

"Excuse me, but could you please get off of me?" I managed to say in-between chuckles.

Noticing for the first time that he was laying fully on top of me he blushed deeply and stood.

"Can you stand?" He asked worriedly

"I think so, Can you help me up?" He bent down and managed to haul me onto my feet. I looked around. We had managed to gather a good-sized crowd of onlookers. Everything but the boy who was still standing close to me looked fuzzy and indistinct. I groaned.

"Did you happen to see where my glasses went?"

>He peered at me and said "No. Did you see mine?" <p>

"No"

"Great"

"HARRY! HARRY!" A fuzzy blob with a shock of red at the top was running in my direction.

"RON, OVER HERE!" The boy whose name I could only assume was Harry

waved at the bouncing blob coming toward us. As it got nearer I could make out a distinct form. 'Ron' finally made it to where we were standing.

>"Hey man what the hell happened back there?" He said rather breathlessly
"I was running for the barrier and I guess I wasn't paying attention because I didn't see her until I ran into her. We both went flying through at the same time."

"I'm sorry. It was my fault. I must have stepped right in front of you."

"No really, I should have been paying attention..."

"Hey! At least you weren't taking a luggage cart through! You could have killed her Harry!" Harry gave me an uncomfortable look.

"Everything's alright, no major damage done."

"Ron, could you help us find our glasses?"

"Yeah, sure. I know what yours look like Harry but I have never seen hers."

"They are pearly white vintage cat eyes with rhinestones and purple lenses." They both looked at me. "Yeah, I know, unusual glasses."

"Hey cool." Ron's face split into a wide grin "I will see what I can do."

>"Bonanza locates!" He waved his wand over his hand. He opened his fist and two pairs of glasses were lying in the palm of his hand. I grabbed mine and with a sigh settled them comfortably on my face. Harry did the same. I found that I could look at all of him at the same time. Nice, very nice, but my attention was drawn away from what in my judgement was a very good looking boy by something moving at the edge of the platform. It was an oversized purse having a seizure.

>"OH!" I had completely forgotten about Whiskers. The boys followed me over to the bag. Gingerly I picked it up and listened. I could plainly hear a fair amount of cussing. Prudently the boys backed away from the snarling purse. Holding the opening away from my face I grasped the zipper.
"ONE, TWO, THREE!" I gave the zipper a sharp tug and promptly hit the deck. Whiskers was pissed.
> He shot out of the bag screeching incoherently. He flew a few erratic zig zags before settling down to the ground looking obviously confused. <p>

"What is that?" Ron said softly not want to break the momentary peace.

"That is whiskers my cat."

"It has wings." Harry whispered as well

"He has wings."

"Ok, that makes sense." Harry looked confused

"Wouldn't that make him a bird?" Ron asked

"Does he look like a bird?"

"Well no, he looks like a cat, just with wings."

"Exactly."

Whiskers finally detecting that he was being talked about turned around.

>"Rose what was all that?" <p>

"Well I kind of fell down, hard. Are you ok?"

"Yes." Whiskers climbed into my arms and nuzzled his face against my cheek. "I was comfortable and falling asleep when I heard this noise and suddenly I hit the ground. I thought someone attacked you. I was so scared!"

"Hey, I'm alright." I scratched his ear "Worry wart."

"You can understand all of that?" Harry looked surprised

"Of course! You couldn't?"

"No. I can talk to snakes but I haven't been able to talk to other animals." At the mention of snakes Ron paled slightly "It all sounded like a bunch of meowing to me."

"That's strange." I shrugged "I always just assumed he was talking English."

"Well didn't anyone else notice?"

"I guess not. He usually kept out of sight. A cat with wings is kind of difficult to explain to the closed-minded."

"I can see what you mean."

"Hey sorry to interrupt, but it's almost 11. We need to get our stuff on the train." Ron looked meaningfully at the clock on the station wall

Harry looked at me smiling "Do you need any help with you luggage umm...."

"Call me Rose." I said helpfully

"Rose." He said my last name gently

"No thanks all I have is this purse and Whiskers." Whiskers looked less then pleased at being lumped in with the luggage.

"Is this you first time?"

"Yeah."

"You do know that you have everything in the letter you got."

I laughed "I have all of that!" Harry looked at me funny

"Did you bring anything with you?"

"Don't worry I have everything in my pocket." I smiled mysteriously

Ron looked like he was about to burst with irritation

>"We REALLY need to go Harry, NOW." <p>

"Rose do you want to sit with us?"

"If you are sure it's not a problem, Ron?"

"I don't care. Let's go NOW."

>Harry and I had to hurry to keep up with Ron. Not long after we wrestled the last of the luggage into our compartment the train's whistle sounded and we began to move. I sat down next to the window and Whiskers climbed down off my shoulder. He stretched and yawned rather dramatically, curled himself into a ball and went to sleep.
<p>

"Hey Harry I want to go find Hermoine." Ron began to walk down the aisle

"Ron hold up!" Harry went after him "Be back in a bit Rose."

The door slid shut and except for whiskers I was alone.

>

>

OPTIONAL READING AHEAD

Well, I didn't think I would EVER write a fanfic! I love to read so naturally I devour anything I can get my hands on :p I thoroughly enjoyed all the Harry Potter books (to my complete and utter amazement) and I am anticipating the 4th with baited breath. I live in SoCal (not LA, Inglewood or Tarzana) I am a senior in high school. I want to major in fine arts, become destitute and join the army of the unwashed homeless. (Partially true) I am in AP English so I feel that I have the right to mangle language (don't be insane like me, just get through high school with good grades then get OUT! Who the hell cares if you learn anything! Learning is for college...) I have never traveled out side the US, not because I don't want to see other countries but because I am poor and I still haven't been everywhere in mine so I figure it's not the end of the world. But if you live somewhere I don't and want to tell me about it, great! I would love to hear from you. (Provided that you aren't stalker material or too creepy. I have a boyfriend, he is vengeful and big, be warned :)

>About the characters;
I know that the parents seem to be totally non existent but I am not into explaining things to death (do we sense...hypocrisy?) *Smile*

>All characters exc. Parents, Grace Nichole Rose, and Whiskers are property of J.K. Rowlings, ect. Blah, blah, blah.
Whiskers belongs to Michael Moorcock who is another excellent British writer. I really recommend his Elric series if you want a little taste of the old school anti-hero (It's one of my all time favorites!)

>Infer anything I left out, not all Americans like big fat lawsuits so please don't send one my way.
Blessed Be

>Franimal

> <meta name="Author"> A far cry from london part2
> The only sound in the train compartment was that of a snoring little puddle of fur. Whiskers rhythmically flexed his paws in his sleep (once again digging into my leg). Not wanting to wake him I sat there and endured the pain.
 Looking out the window I saw my reflection superimposed onto the landscape. The train was running parallel to a winding dirt path. I craned my neck to see what was coming at the end of the path but all I could see was myself in the window. I had to stop being so melancholy.
>How long had they been gone? I began to wonder again. I wasn't afraid that Harry and Ron wouldn't come back, their luggage was here and they weren't going very far without that. I was afraid that I was going to sit here the whole rest of the trip to Hogwarts without talking to anyone because Harry had said that he would be back in a bit. What was 'a bit' anyway, I kept expecting the door to open but it never did. I was bored, hungry, and sick of sitting down. I wanted to explore a little. Carefully I untangled Whiskers from my skirt. He continued to sleep peacefully while I gently slid open the compartment door. Stepping into the aisle I was startled when something orange ran between my legs. <p>"CROOKSHANKS! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING?" <p>

I turned to see a girl stalking in my direction. Cautiously I stepped back into the room, something furry gave way under my foot with a horrible spiting sound. I looked down to see one very large, extremely angry orange cat. His eye narrowed to slits when they met mine.

"Ow! That looked painful!" Whiskers had rolled over on his side and was looking at the orange cat with concern.

"Crookshanks! Are you ok kitty?" The girl knelt down and gathered him into her arms.

"I am so sorry!"

" It wasn't your fault." She looked up at me and set the cat down gently next to whiskers.

>"He's alright, just a little shaken. Perhaps you can help me. I'm looking for my friends, Colin said that Harry and Ron were in here." The girl looked at me searchingly from the recesses of her thick brown hair. <p>

"Ummmmmmmm... well they were here. They said they would be back in a bit, although that bit was a while ago."

"Mind if I wait here then?"

"No, not at all." She plopped down in the seat furthest from where I was standing "What is your name if you don't mind
> me asking?" <p>

"Oh I'm sorry how rude of me. My name is Hermione Granger." She extended her hand and we shook fingertips. "Your
> name?" <p>

"Grace Rose, but most people just call me Rose."

"My friends call me Mione for short."

" I like that. I have never met anyone named Hermione."

"Rose is a nice name too."

"I prefer it to my first name. Grace can be kinda hard to live down. Just because my name is Grace people expect me to
> be graceful and quite frankly I don't live up to their expectations. Rose is a lot simpler."
 "I can see what you mean. It gets hard to be labeled. Sometimes I wish I could fail a test without fear of the world coming
> to complete stop."
 Hermione sighed and looked out the window, all there was to see was her own reflection.

>Optional reading... <p>

Sorry this took so long. I had 3 AP tests and a whole slew of stuff going on. I don't know if this is better or worse than the first one but it is shorter.... OOOOH I just heard a familiar song..."It's Oh so quiet, shush shush, it's oh so still, sush, sush...." I ran into the living room to find out where it was coming from. My dad was watching a movie. Imagine 7 little girls dancing and singing in black and white polkadots dresses with big red hearts on the chest to Bjork's "It's oh so quiet". Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh It WAS SO DISTURBING yet strangely cool. I love Bjork's music and I always love seeing her work pop up in random places.

>Well anyway back to the authors note... I used Mrs Weasley's nick name for Hermione because well... I liked it better than the more common "Hermy"
 As always, reviews are nice. So far I haven't done anything to get any flames.... Pity, I still have a whole package of marshmallows to roast. ;p
> <p>

P.S. I do not own Harry potter characters etc, etc, Whiskers belongs to M.Moorcock and Rose is mine *buwah haha! ALL MINE* (I feel so powerful) Blargh !!!!! I AM MOLDYVORT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! What the hell is wrong with me?

> HEY! THAT WAS A RHETORICAL QUESTION!

>

>

>

End
file.